*Weſt.* Why? he is both King and Duke of Lancaſter,
And that the Earle of *Weſtmerland* ſhall maintaine.
*War.* And *Warwicke* ſhall diſproue it. You forget
That we are thoſe that chac'd you from the field
And ſlew your father, and with colours ſpred
Marcht through the Citty to the Pallas gates.
*North.* No *Warwicke*, I remember't to my greefe:
And by his ſoule, thou and thy houſe ſhall rew it.
*Weſt.* *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy ſonnes,
Thy kinſmen and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of blood were in my fathers veines.
*Clif.* Vrge it no more, leaſt in reuenge thereof,
I ſend thee *Warwicke* ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death before I ſtirre.
*War.* Poore *Clifford*, how I ſcorne thy worthleſſe threats.
*Yorke.* Will ye we ſhew our Title to the Crowne,
Or elſe our ſwords ſhall pleade it in the field?
*King.* What Title haſt thou Traitor to the Crowne?
Thy Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke:
Thy Grand father *Roger Mortimer* Earle of March.
I am the ſonne of *Henry* the fift, who tam'd the French,
And made the Dolphin ſtoope, and ſeiz'd vpon
Their Townes and Prouinces.
*War.* Talke not of France ſince thou haſt loſt it all.
*King.* The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I,
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.
*Rich.* Y'are old enough now, and yet methinkes you loſe:
Father, teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers head.
*Edw.* Do ſo ſweet father, ſet it on your head.
*Mont.* Good brother, as thou lou'ſt and honour'ſt armes,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cauilling thus.
*Rich.* Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
*Yorke.* Peace ſonnes.
*North.* Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to ſpeake.
*King.* Ah *Plantagenet*, why ſeek'ſt thou to depoſe me?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth?
And from two brothers lineally deſcend?